

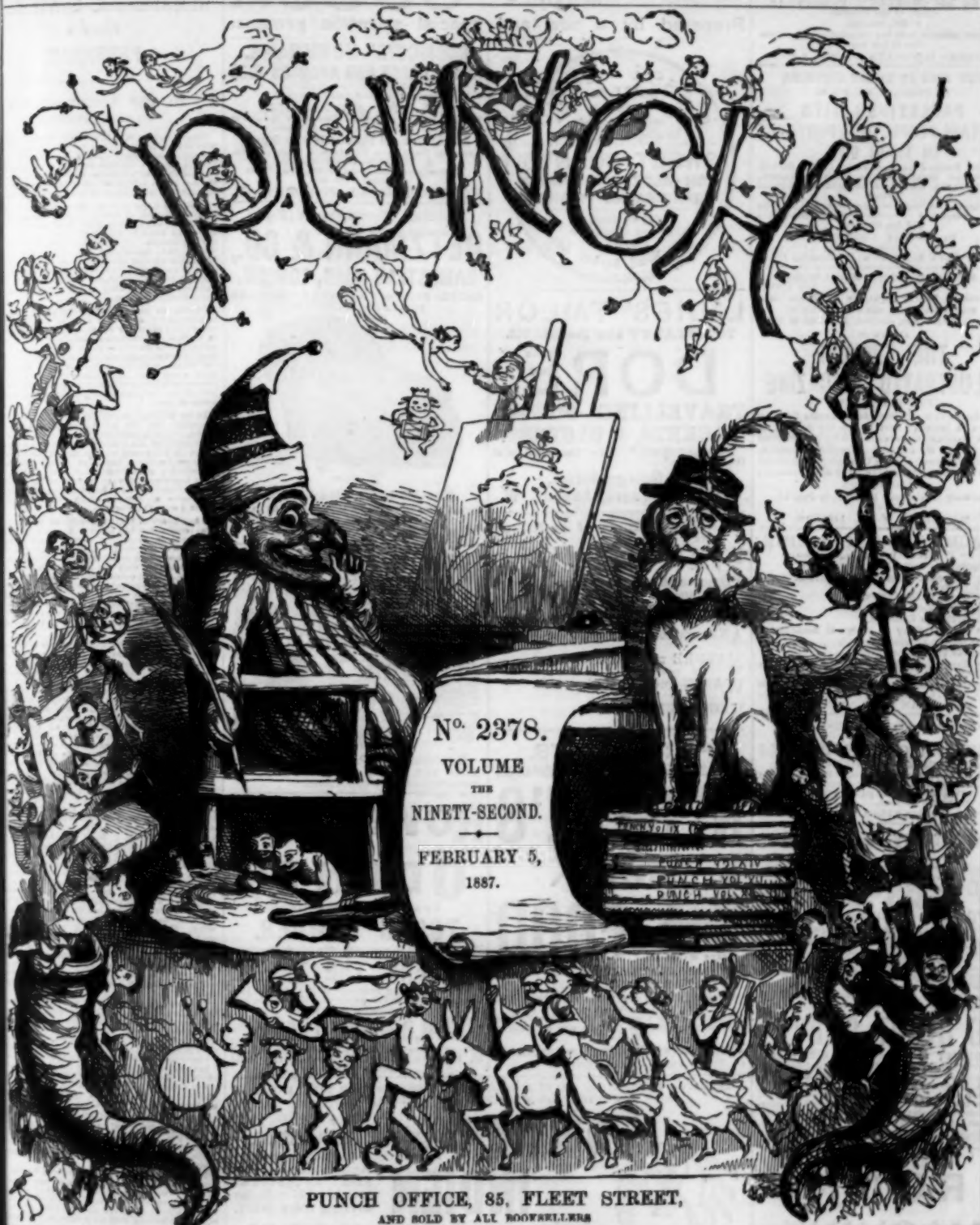
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# LABOUR ON THE FARM.

By JOHN CHALMERS MORTON.

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## DUMB CRAMBO'S GUIDE TO THE LONDON THEATRES.



Tooles.

"A Delf—fie!"



"Ave a new Theatre!"

"A—mark it!"



Caught.

Gay at Tea.

## MUCH IN POINT.

In the now historical case of *Brett v. The Holborn Restaurant*, the Plaintiff alleged that a needle and thread had been served up with his spinach and quail, and that he had swallowed and suffered. "One swallow makes one suffer" sometimes, and the unfortunate Mr. BRETT had been undoubtedly a sufferer.

There is a slang phrase, "getting the needle,"—meaning, "being angry," often used by 'ARRY. Well, might a man "get the needle," who had indeed actually swallowed one. There is a dinner called "potatoes and point," which sounds the nearest thing to "spinach and needles;" but the Holborn never professed to serve either of them.

But as far as the Holborn Restaurant was concerned in the matter of the needle, the Jury, though they followed the thread of the argument about the needle, were unable to see the point, and the Chief Justice shutting up the needle-case, observed in effect, that "it was needless—he should say needless—to proceed any further," except to the Holborn Restaurant, where, as he had heard from his Brother PUNCH, and as was pretty clear from the evidence in Court, they served very many and uncommonly good dinners.

Mr. Justice PUNCH concurred, and added, that had the Restaurant been situated in Threadneedle Street, this accidental circumstance might have had its weight. Quail was not, to his mind, associated with Needles—they were not a sea-bird; nor was it of the Pin-tail family. It was true that the French for spinach was *épinards*, and here, undoubtedly, there was a "pin" in the middle. But a pin was not a needle, and this made, not a mere pin's point of difference, but an essential and vital distinction between this and such a possible case. When he (Mr. Justice PUNCH) went to the Holborn he should always ask, at the right season of the year, with the poet HORACE—a great gourmet, by the way—

"Qualem commendat?"

And if the Manager did recommend the bird, he should certainly eat it, even though it had been shot with a needle-gun, without fear of it or its surrounding "spinach." The Jury very properly gave a verdict for the Holborn Restaurant. Had it been for the Plaintiff, it would have been recorded as Needles and Spinach; but, as it is, the Jury's opinion of the case might perhaps have been less politely expressed by Gammon and Spinach.

## 'ARRY IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

DEAR CHARLIE,

DESSAY you'll remember I told you a good bit ago, 'Ow I served on a Jury. Well, chummy, they nailed me agen, dontcher know. Not quite on the same little lay, though; they 'ooked me as Witness this round, in the case of *McSlobber v. Muggins*; you've 'eard of that case, I'll be bound.

It was pasted all over the place, and the name of Yours Truly, dear boy, Has bin printed in all the dashed papers, a Barney you'd think I'd enjoy. Not a bit on it, CHARLIE, believe me! I don't mind a 'ealthy trot out, But this bizness has bloomin' well broke me, and jolly nigh give me the gout.

Poppylarity's pleasant, my pippin, and "ARRY" ain't one o' them sort As is frightened to spread themselves out; quite contrary, it's proper 'igh sport. When I got the scoopeener, I tell yer, I oh-liked and chortled with glee, But if 'ARRY don't romp round the lot on 'em—well, I'll go home and eat coke.

Thinks I, now then 'ARRY, my sparkler, you want to strike one,—here's yer chance!

The brocoli-wigs must jest watch it; way-oh! won't I lead 'em a dance! Them Kew Seas is wonderful clever, and dabs at a snack or a joke, But if 'ARRY don't romp round the lot on 'em—well, I'll go home and eat coke.

Oh, CHARLIE!!! Wot swivel-eyed jossers the best on us is, mate, at times!

Owsomever I'd better look slippy, and rumble along with my rhymes.

I got myself up a rare buster, tan kids and a brown Hinverness, With a lovely black Hastykan collar; you know I'm a whale at smart dress.

Can't say as I made the sensation I 'oped. The old mivvy called Law Is a sawdusty kind of a sell, with no soul above parchment and jaw. I'd to 'ang round that Court for three days, CHARLIE, elbered, drove here and shoved there.

Yah! A Witness *must* be a job-lot if he ain't wuth a stool or a chair.

The Beak and the Barristers—daah 'em!—sat snug as old china on shelves, A-passin' smart compliments round, and a-crackin' bad jokes to themselves. When the Bench or the Bar made a wheeze, they all roared, the Beak wagged his white pow,

And that beast of a Husher cried "Horder!" as though *his* poor coves made the row!

There was close on a score of hus witnesses, *such* a rum regiment, dear pal, There was parsons, and potboys, a cabman, two toffs, and a nervous old gal. The old mivvy went orf in highstericks, the toffs lost their 'eds and talked stuff,

And the parson got awfully mixed and flung out of the box in a huff.

The plaintiff himself was so flummoxed, he seemed to go slap orf 'is chump, And leaked orkurd facts like a sieve when the Counsel jest put on the pump. He couldn't keep cool at the "nasty ones," spluttered, went red in the face, And jolly nigh mucked the whole game in his fear of not making a case.

Thinks I, well it all 'angs on me, that's a moral. I'll make 'em sit up!

They won't put the kibosh on me, that's St. Paul's to my tarrier pup.

Well, they called me, I twirled my moustachers, and tipped a sly wink round the Court.

As much as to say, "That rot's over, and now, rorty pals, you'll see sport."

They *did*, CHARLIE, oh! yas they *did*, mate; but I was the wictim, was lusk!

A rat in a pit was a king to me. Not that I shied or lost pluck;

No fear, that is not 'ARRY's form. But oh, scissors! that bloomin' old Beak!

He boashed all my patter to putty, and snubbed all my snideness as cheek.

He 'adn't no eye for a "Star," CHARLIE; that's where it was, dontcher see?

I believe the "Big BOUNCE" at his best, in his patter-song, "*Sparks on the Spree*."

Would just ha' bin clean chucked away on 'im. Jibbed when I put on the pace,

And "cut" all my cackle, dear boy, till I felt I could sit on his face.

Disgustin'!—"Jest answer my question," the Counsel sez, "straight!" "Oh, I'm dy,

But I give up that speeshal conundrum. You ask me another!" sez I.

Then, Oh, wasn't the fat in the fire, CHARLIE? Wiggling? That isn't the word.

If I 'adn't dried up, they'd 'ave offed me to gaol for "Contempt" like a bird.

That mucked me, took all the romp out of me somehow. I fair lost my tip,

And went slopping all over the shop, lettin' all sorts o' secrets let slip.

See Old SIXANDREIGHTPENCE, quite tart, as I wobbled away from that Box,

"You've jest lost us the case, Master 'ARRY!" I felt I could sink in my sox.

And that's wot these Jossers call Justice! Wot's wus, every pal as I meet

Ser, "Hullo! Saw your name in the paper. You nice cup o' tea!"—ain't it sweet?

I think I must trot out of town, for much more of this chaff I can't carry, And when Justice next wants a Witness, I 'ope it won't drop upon

'ARRY.

Too MUCH TO EXPECT.—According to all accounts (including the builders') the coming Cab ought to be a success. But it will indeed be perfect if it succeeds in doing away with all growlers.



## POOR LETTER "G."

*The Duchess.* "YES; SKATIN' WOULD BE CHARMIN', IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE FREEZIN' STOPPIN' THE HUNTIN'!"

*Lord Charles.* "YES; AND AIN'T SLEIGHIN' TOPPIN' FUN, EXCEPT FOR THE SNOWIN' SPOILIN' THE SKATIN'!"

## LAOU-LAI-TSZE; OR, THE TOO-CONSIDERATE CHINAMAN.

*A Moral Drama in One Act. (Adapted, without permission, from a recent Leader in the Daily Telegraph.)*

SCENE—A Country House near Peking.

*Enter LAOU-LAI-TSZE.*

*Laou.* To-day is my seventieth birthday. Should my parents discover this fact, they may be led to suspect that they themselves are getting on in years. Yet how to conceal the unwelcome truth? Ha! an idea! I will away and put it into execution. *[Exit.]*

*Enter Mr. TSZE, Senior, and his Wife, aged Ninety-six and Ninety, respectively.*

*The Old People.* 'Tis singular how time seems to stand still with us—our hearts are yet young. But where is LAOU?

*Enter LAOU (disguised as an infant).*

*Laou.* Here I is, Popsy and Mummy. Tum to pay!

*The Old People.* Still a child! Then the past sixty-five years have been a dream, and we are younger than we supposed. Singular but not unpleasant discovery!

*Laou.* My plan has succeeded. Oh, joy!—but ah, rheumatism!

*Enter Mrs. LAOU.*

*Mrs. Laou.* Husband, accept from me this pair of silver-rimmed spectacles as a birthday present.

*Laou (crawling up).* Pity, pity! Dive 'em to yiekle LAOU.

*Mrs. Laou.* What do I see? My husband a hopeless idiot! *[Sucks the glasses.]*

*The Old People.* No, no. He 's a bright little fellow for his age—for his age. *[They chuckle senilely.]*

*Mrs. Laou.* Get up, LAOU, and don't be so ridiculous. Someone will see you!

*Laou.* 'Oo is a velly coss ole lady, and me don't yove 'oo a bit!

*Mrs. Laou.* Repudiated, after all these years! Oh, agony!

*Enter LAOU'S SON and Daughter-in-law.*

*His Son and Daughter-in-law.* Father, your little dead dog and rotten pigeon (*Chinese politeness*) present their humble service on this your natal day.

*Laou (jumping up and down).* Goo-goo! Show LAOU 'oo yiekle dog an' 'oo pidjin!

*His Son and Daughter-in-law.* Dear Papa is really very peculiar this morning. Perchance the sight of his grandchildren may recall his wandering intellect.

*Enter his Grandson and Granddaughter.* LAOU runs at them on all fours. They scream with laughter.

*Grandchildren.* Oh, what a funny ole gan'pa!

*Laou.* I ain't a gan'pa. I is a yiekle boy. *(Aside.)* Heaven pardon me this innocent deception!

*His Son and Daughter-in-law.* This is most painful! He ought to see somebody.

*Laou (aside).* If they only knew how painful it is to me! But for my parents' sake I must persevere.

*[Rolls round the room, singing nursery ditties, and groaning furtively.]*

*The Old People.* We must have some young friends to tea, now dear little LAOU is old enough to enjoy a party.

*[They send out the invitations.]*

*Later.* A retired part of the grounds. *Juvenile Feast of Lanterns* going on in distance. LAOU drags himself in with difficulty.

*Laou.* This well-meant deception is like to prove my undoing. I cannot keep this sort of thing up much longer! My indulgent parents stuff me with sweetmeats, which are simply death to me. I've had to tumble about with those infernal children all the afternoon, and the whole of Peking has turned out to stare at my eccentricities! Ah, my parents again! I must dissemble.

*Enter The Old People.*

*The Old People.* Why, here he is! Come and play Pass in the Corner with the others, LAOU, like a little love.

*Laou.* Iekle LAOU tired.

*The Old People (severely).* If LAOU's naughty and cross, he must be slapped and sent to bed.

*Laou (with emotion).* Slapped! I confess I did not contemplate that indignity.

*The Old People.* Eh, eh—what? What's the boy talking about?

*Laou (recovering himself).* Don't sap poo' iekle LAOU! He'll go and pay, yike a goo boy! *(Aside.)* Confound it all, they're carrying it too far—they really are!

*Enter LAOU'S Wife, Son, Daughter-in-law, and other relations.*

*His Family.* LAOU, this is simply scandalous. As a Mandarin with the scarlet button, you degrade your rank by these tomfooleries. Who would ever think you had passed so many exams!

*Laou (aside).* My parents are listening. I must wear my mask still! Iekle LAOU don't know what 'oo's talking about.

*[Sucks his thumb.]*

*His Family.* In the name of CONFUCIUS, pull yourself together. The Emperor is coming himself to felicitate you on this anniversary. Get up, you old fool!

*Laou.* San't det up. *(Aside.)* Oh, if my parents would but go!

*[Gurgles to himself.]*

*Enter the Emperor and Suite.* LAOU skips up and plays with the Imperial buttons and peacock's plume.

*The Emperor.* Seize him, guards! Either he is mad and must be imprisoned, or disrespectful and must be executed. I don't care which, myself. *[LAOU is seized.]*

*His Wife and Son.* Sir, it is softening of the brain. Have mercy!

*The Old People.* Your Majesty must forgive his indiscretion. Remember he is but an infant!

*The Emperor.* An infant! Why, he's seventy to-day!

*Laou.* Discovered! in spite of all my precautions. Alas, the shock will kill them!

*The Old People (without emotion).* Seventy, is he? Why, we've been thinking all along that he was a fine-grown child of his age. *(With sudden recollection.)* But in that case, impious wretch that you are, you have been grossly deceiving the authors of your being!

*His Wife and Son.* Disgracing your family!

*The Emperor.* And insulting your Sovereign!

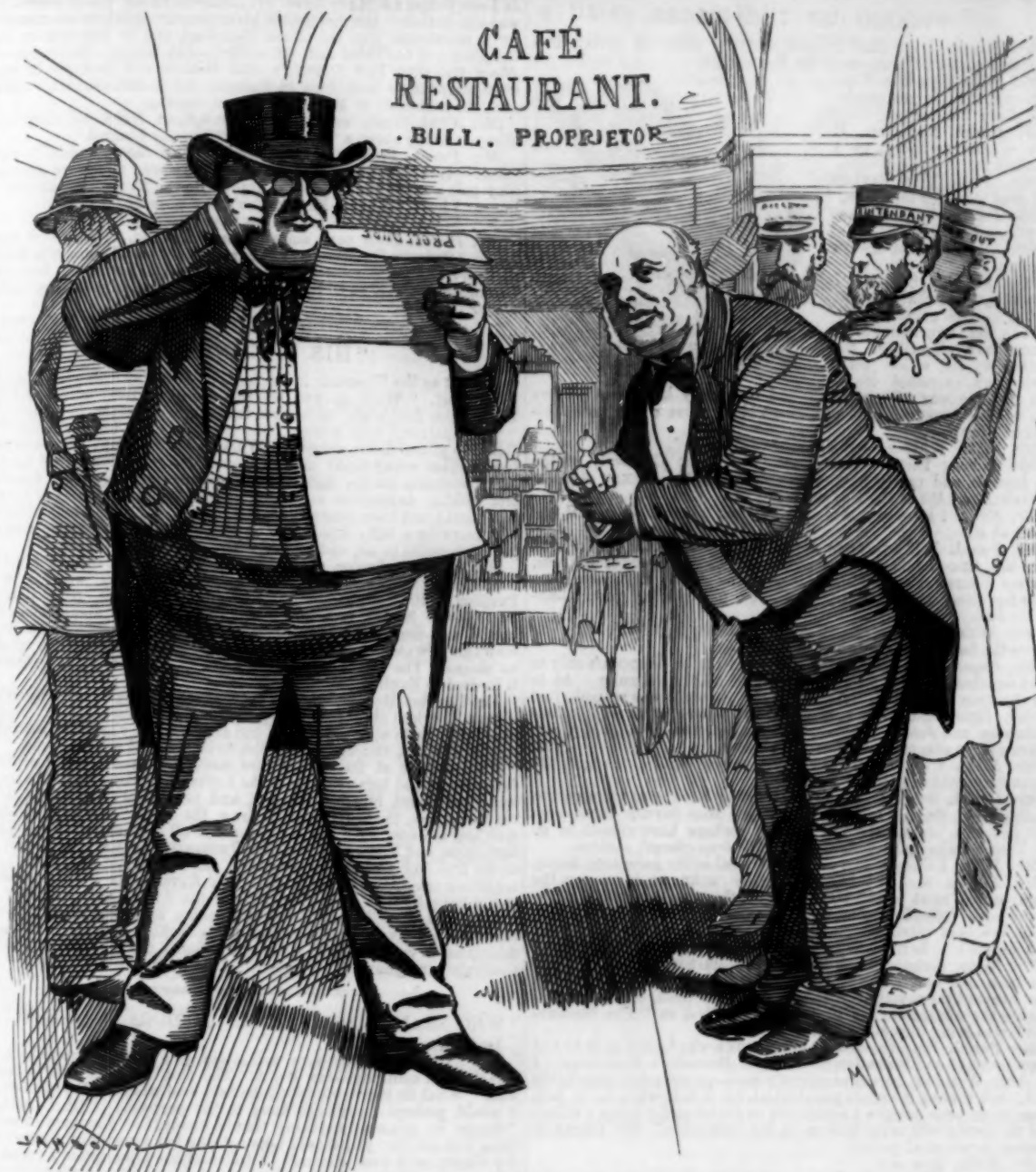
*Laou.* This is very hard! Hear me. 'Twas with the best intentions that I thus simulated a deportment more juvenile than my actual years would justify.

*[Explains his motives. Emperor deeply affected. General emotion.]*

*The Emperor (still sobbing).* Yours is a noble heart. With the exception of a small fine of a few thousand taels for button-holing your Emperor, you are pardoned.

*Laou.* And if our kind friends in front will learn from me the lesson, that even a pious fraud may be productive of the gravest inconvenience, there will be no cheerier septuagenarian in all Peking than LAOU-LAI-TSZE, the too-considerate Chinaman. *[Curtain.]*





# RE-OPENING OF ST. STEPHEN'S RESTAURANT (UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT).

Mr. John Bull (Proprietor to Manager). "I RATHER LIKE YOUR NEW RULES AND REGULATIONS, MR. SMITH. HOURS OF BUSINESS FROM 2 P.M. TILL 12.30. THE SERVANTS TO HAVE AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF FOR THEIR DINNER, WEDNESDAY NIGHTS OUT, AND THE USUAL HOLIDAYS. I MUST INSIST ON MORE WORK, AND LESS NOISE; AND IF ANY PARTY MAKES HIMSELF OFFENSIVE TO THE COMPANY, HE WILL BE WARNED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT, AND IF HE DOESN'T BEHAVE HIMSELF, THE 'CHUCKERS-OUT' WILL PUT HIM OUTSIDE."

GOOD NEWS ALL ROUND?—It is stated on good authority, that, at the next meeting of the Round Table Conference, an arrangement will be made by which further set gatherings may be rendered unnecessary. Has the circle been squared?

"THE RING AND THE BOOK."—MR. BROWNING'S new book hasn't got about it much of the true ring of poetry.

A FRISK OF FRANCISQUE.—M. FRANCISQUE SARCEY, the well-known dramatic critic, has been summoned before the correctional tribunal for writing of "ROSE MIGNON" as "ROSALIE MICHON," a notorious *demi-mondaine*. SARCEY said it was a *lapsus calami*. But the Rose, who wouldn't allow that she was as sweet by any other name, thought that it was a *lapsus calumny*, and a great deal too Sarcey. The Court hasn't, so far, accepted M. SARCEY'S explanation.

## PICKING UP THE PIECES.

*Mr. Punch.* I am glad to hear they are going to revive Tom TAYLOR's play of *Clancarty* at the Haymarket.

*Mr. Nibbs.* Yes. Mrs. KENDAL ought to be an admirable *Lady Clancarty*.

*Mr. Punch.* No better. It was a stirring play, as I recollect it.

*Mr. Nibbs.* TOM TAYLOR did good work for the stage.

*Mr. Punch.* Yes, he was a thorough dramatist.

*Mr. Nibbs.* But not always original.

*Mr. Punch.* Seldom, I should say. But what does that matter? The greatest dramatists and the greatest composers have all cribbed the materials on which their genius has exercised itself.

His dialogue was telling, sturdy and frequently humorous. There was a "go," too, even about his rough blank verse which served his dramatic purpose.

*Mr. Nibbs.* What set you thinking of this, Sir?

*Mr. Punch.* Partly the announcement about *Clancarty* at the St. James's, and partly having recently seen Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES's *Hard Hit* at the Haymarket.

*Mr. Nibbs.* I have seen it also. It struck me that *Hard Hit* was no hit at all.

*Mr. Punch.* It has this one unpardonable fault—it is dull. If it were bad, there might be some question as to its degree of badness, or some discussion as to which Act were the worst. But there is no room for discussion or for dispute where a play is simply and undeniably dull.

*Mr. Nibbs.* There is one effective situation in the Fourth Act, where the husband hides behind a curtain.

*Mr. Punch.* Yes, but nothing comes of it, as he disappears only to meet somebody in the passage who clears up the difficulty. As to the situation in the Third Act, it is the Screen Scene spoiled, just as Mr. BEERBOHM TREE's character is a compound of *Captain Hawksey* and *Joseph Surface*, both spoiled, and *Mrs. Ashby*, is a commonplace adaptation of *Lady Sneerwell*.

*Mr. Nibbs.* I see exactly what you mean, Sir. I thought the actors very good in it altogether.

*Mr. Punch.* So good, that I would rather have seen them out of it altogether, though had an actress like Miss SOPHIE EYRE been cast for *Mrs. Ashby*, the piece might perhaps have gained by it. Mr. TREE's make up is admirable; a trifle *trop chargé*, perhaps.

*Mr. Nibbs.* I thought Mr. KEMBLE capital as the garrulous Major.

*Mr. Punch.* And Mr. COATES, a name unknown to me on the stage scored most decidedly as the little used-up masher the *Honourable Effingham Nangle*. But why on earth did Mr. JONES make the host introduce this 'personage to his guests as "the Honourable?" Is it a new fashion in society?

*Mr. Nibbs.* Perhaps Mr. JONES wishes to start it; but as the piece has been out barely for three weeks, "Society" has not yet had time to adopt the novelty. And perhaps you noticed, Sir, that to intensify the absurdity, the gentleman described as "The Honourable" was being introduced to a real Baronet.

*Mr. Punch.* Impersonated by Mr. ARCHER who looked as if he had stepped out of an illustration to a story in *Reynolds's Miscellany*. I liked Mr. WILLARD, he was excellently made-up and acted remarkably well; but though it sounds paradoxical, he is best when he is bad. Once let an actor acquire a reputation on the stage for being a villain and the public will never believe in his conversion. Mr. DACHE is another paradoxical person.

*Mr. Nibbs.* How so?

*Mr. Punch.* He is physically a "slantingdicular" actor, who with a bias to the right "can't go straight." He was better suited as *Jim the Penman*.

*Mr. Nibbs.* And *Jim* suited the public better than *Hard Hit* is ever likely to do.

*Mr. Punch.* It was hard on *Hard Hit* to follow *Jim*, just as the enormous success of the *Private Secretary* told against *The Pick-pocket*, and the *Pick-pocket*, in its degree, against *Lodgers*, which is poor stuff, though at all events one can have two or three good hearty laughs at Messrs. FENTLEY and HILL.

*Mr. Nibbs.* No such luck at the Haymarket, where you can neither laugh nor cry.

*Mr. Punch.* No, and an audience neither amused nor harrowed becomes mildly indifferent or conspicuously bored. Mr. JONES left to himself, without any of his former collaborators, like the last rose of Summer blooming alone, fails in construction. That is, as far



as I can judge, as I have never yet seen one of his pieces where he was sole author. His dialogue is plain and straightforward enough for a melodrama like the *Noble Vagabond*, and in that only up to the middle of the Third Act, when the muddle begins. But compare *Hard Hit* with TOM TAYLOR's *Still Waters*, and then you'll see what might have been done in dialogue and construction with even such old materials as Mr. JONES has got together.

*Mr. Nibbs.* Oddly enough, Sir, throughout *Hard Hit* they are always talking about a "Still Waters Company Limited."

*Mr. Punch.* Perhaps that is what recalled the old piece to my mind. However, it is sufficiently well-known nowadays among play-going amateurs for them to appreciate the force of my observations. I have yet to see Mr. PINERO's new piece at the Court.

*Mr. Nibbs.* And the latest at the Royalty.

*Mr. Punch.* Both very amusing as I am told. I hear that our friend AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS is to rule over Covent Garden as well as Drury Lane. More worlds to conquer! He has shown himself uncommonly clever at Old Drury, and we all wish him success. *Au plaisir!*

## "HIS HIGHNESS!"

ROBSON as the Showman in the farce of *Catching a Mermaid*, used to call out, "Walk up and see the Giant! Alive! alive! alive! He's eight foot high, he's nine foot high, he's ten foot high!" "Why, father," said a boy, "the carawan ain't ten foot high!" "He's a sittin' down, stoopid! Walk up! Walk up!" and hereat the Pavilion every night may be seen this tremendously tall man, eight feet nine inches high, so they say, not ungainly for a Giant, and looking as amiable as Giants always do outside books of fairy tales, and apart from Pantomimic tradition. If any one were justified in preserving a lofty demeanour it would be HERR WINKELMEIER; but he is polite to all, and affable with the lowliest.

Mr. VILLIERS, Junior, showed us the great man's suite of apartments, and they certainly have "done him," very well at the Pavilion. His Highness—doesn't he deserve the title which *Mr. Punch* hereby bestows on him?—contrives to amuse himself in the day-time by playing at draughts, and trying to make Mr. EDWARD SWANBOROUGH, the Acting Manager, understand what he means. The Giant only speaks German, and Mr. SWANBOROUGH is limited to English.

The Pavilion Management are not averse to letting him out, though if they "let him out" much, they would have to raise the roof. They may loan him to some exhibition, but at present they are quite content with his height, and don't want him to be higher'd anywhere else.

The Acrobats at the Pavilion are marvellous, and if a few of the feats—arms and legs as well—of the LETTINE and SCHAEFFER Troupes, were introduced into a burlesque, and performed by some of the regular actors, the novelty would draw the town. We have lately seen how a tenor, Mr. LELY, can overcome all difficulties and dance a horn-pipe, and it is a pity that Mr. GROSSMITH or Mr. BARRINGTON, as the first and second Bad Baronets, did not bestow some time on acquiring one or two of the tricks of the KATSUNOSHIN AWATA, which would have lightened up their parts in the Second Act, amazingly; but perhaps they'll keep it for the Indian burlesque Opera, when they can appear as the Bounding India-Rubber Brothers. In the meantime a visit to the Pavilion will astonish the idler, interest the anatomist, and amuse the Democritical observer.

## "WHO SHALL DECIDE WHEN DOCTORS DISAGREE?"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I HAVE not been very well lately, so I thought I would consult that eminent physician Dr. A. The first thing he said to me was, "What do you drink?" (if he had said what *don't* you drink, it would perhaps have been more to the purpose.) "Oh," I said, "things in general, anything that's handy." "The very worst thing you can do; you should take nothing but a couple of glasses of dry Sherry with your dinner." I followed his prescription for some time, and getting no better, I resolved to see that distinguished practitioner Dr. B. He immediately asked me what I drank—you would think from their questions I was an habitual drunkard—I said "only a little dry Sherry." "What!" exclaimed Dr. B., "dry Sherry? That accounts for it. You must take nothing but a pint of dry Champagne." I tried this for a week, and, finding myself still out of sorts, I called upon the distinguished Dr. C. Of course the usual question. And when I replied "a pint of dry Champagne!" he jumped. "Poison, my dear Sir, poison! No wonder you're out of sorts. Now, if you take nothing but a pint of Léoville—the very best Léoville mind you,—we shall soon put you on your legs again!" I tried this remedy for a fortnight—for I rather liked it—but found no improvement whatever in my health.

So on the recommendation of an old friend, I called on the fashionable Dr. D. The usual question, and then Dr. D. exclaimed, "You should never taste a drop of wine of any description. Take the best



Scotch whiskey and soda in moderation, and you will be well in a week. I tried this, but became rapidly worse. And then?—then I consulted myself. Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? I will! I prescribe for myself. Dry Sherry with soup and fish, a pint of dry Champagne, with the rest of my dinner, a pint of Léoville after it, and Scotch whiskey and soda with my cigar in the evening. I have tried my own prescription—which combines the wisdom of four distinguished Doctors with my own—for a month, and you will be glad to hear I never felt better in my life.

Yours, better-than-everly,

Tollollington Park, Tuesday.

THE LAZY MINSTREL.

### A FAIR START.

THERE may be many a slip between the cup and the lip, but there is one most important "slip" between London and Ramsgate, in the shape of a carriage, to be attached to the Dover Boat Express 11 A.M., which on Sunday mornings, will be a boon to the jaded London toiler.

The first Sunday in February, Mr. Punch has the greatest pleasure in announcing the fact, will see this new slip planted at the L. C. & D. line, Victoria Station, which will, he hopes, take route and prosper for many a year. What more delightful for the fatigued Londoner, who does not want the *tohu-bohu* of town renewed at the sea-side, than to start at an easy-going hour on Sunday morning—is not 11 A.M., the very hour for a Train Service, specially when the rule as to a vast number of Church Services is "short and early?"—and to breathe the vital airs of the Kent coast ere yet the luncheon-bell hath sounded?

This slip-carriage will be attached—so strongly attached, that the attachment will be something touching to behold,—to the Dover Boat Express, and will be taken off at Faversham. A slip-carriage, like an individual, resents being "taken off," and therefore at this point it parts company with the Express, which pursues its rapid course to Dover, and is taken up by a friendly local at Faversham, which will convey it safely to Herne Bay, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs and Ramsgate, which last-named place, its ultimate destination, it is timed to reach at 1.5. Mr. QUATREMAINE EAST of the Granville Hotel on the East Cliff, has only to make his *table d'hôte* lunch at 1.30, and advertise it, to insure a number of visitors who would be glad of the opportunity. Let Mr. Q. E. try it, and if the result will be what we anticipate—Q. E. D.

Then for the Line Regiment, after the Faversham detachment is completed, the Herne Bays will arrive about 12.25, the Westgates in their peculiar uniform, simple "vest" and "gaiters," will be at St. Mildred's or wherever they may be quartered, long before one, and the Birehington Division will have easily reached their Bungalows ere the gong sounds for tiffin.

This is a move, an excellent move, in the right direction, and we trust that this "slip of a train" will grow into something permanent and substantial. At all events this arrangement for Sundays at Faver-sham is not a Sham favour, but a real benefit, of which the weary of working ought to be eager to avail themselves; and the pale student who travels through the Kentish scenery, as his eye lights up with Kentish fire, will exclaim that not in all the poets from CHAUCER to TENNYSON, is there one line so true to nature as the L. C. & D. line from Victoria to Ramsgate. If these movements in the right direction continue, Mr. Punch will reward Mr. JAMES STAAT FORBES and the Directors, Managers, and Superintendents of the L. C. & D., with a P.O. (Punch Order) for Distinguished Railway Services, to be worn on State occasions, when the costume will consist of a magnificent train hanging from the shoulders, and carried by three of BRADSHAW'S Pages.

### HERRICK IN THE HOUSE.

BY A TROUBLED TORY.

AH, BEN!  
Say how or when  
Shall we, thy sheep,  
Less scattered order keep?  
Or have such fun  
As when you led us on,  
When we such musters had  
As made us with great joy half  
mad?  
Ah, sure one speech of thine  
Outdid nine RANDOLPHS and  
SMITHS nine times nine!

My BEN!  
Oh, come again,  
Or send to us  
Thy wit's great overplus;  
But teach us yet  
Wisely to husband it.  
Lest we that talent spend,  
And, having once brought to an  
end  
That precious stock, the store  
Of will, wit, tact, our Party have  
no more!

### STUDIES FROM MR. PUNCH'S STUDIO.

No. XV.—THE BLIND MAN'S DOG.

MR. PUNCH desires to explain that he has included this particular subject among his Studies upon the urgent recommendation of a certain faithful attendant of his own, who declares that, with the single exception of himself, he is acquainted with no quadruped which presents a more remarkable combination of devotion and intelligence.



The first experiences of the Blind Man's Dog must contain a continual disenchantment. In early youth he finds himself called upon to lead an existence nearly monastic, to renounce the World, the Flesh—and whatever in Canine Ethics answers to the Devil. He dare not linger to inspect the most alluring garbage; he may not run between the legs of a crowd, and yelp; he must not bark at the heels of nervous horses; a dog he could roll over and worry to shreds, may insult him grossly, and he must keep his temper; no sticks or india-rubber balls are ever thrown for him to run after, as for more privileged animals of his acquaintance; he scarcely knows what a good wild scamper is, and has to walk ever soberly and discreetly at a uniform pace, neither allowing pleasure nor panic to drive him to heel.

It is no wonder, then, that the Blind Man's Dog is distinguished by a gravity beyond his years, or that the constant necessity of repudiating the advances of other dogs should isolate him to a great extent, and force him to occupy his mind with undoggish matters.

Mr. Punch believes that his leisure moments are largely employed in abstruse calculation, and that he amuses himself by reducing the day's earnings to shillings, and comparing them with past receipts.

He has certain compensations, no doubt. Wherever he goes, he is almost as popular a character as the itinerant *Toby* himself. All make way for him; and few stop to put their coin into the little tin cup he carries, without giving him a friendly pat of approval.

This does not turn his head, though it does undoubtedly tend to develop in him an air of conscious dignity. But he remains affable to all, and never neglects a courteous welcome to the regular client, while, with the Blind Man himself he is on a footing of cordial fellowship—never obtruding himself, yet always responding to advances with warmth and cheerfulness.

He very soon comes to take a keen interest in the business in which he is the working partner, not infrequently insisting on all moneys passing through his own mouth before being placed to the joint account; but this precaution is probably due rather to the desire of maintaining his position, than to any suspicion that the profits are irregularly divided.

So the pair prosper, and the regular client looks out for the Blind Man's Dog at the accustomed spot day after day, and, if he is a soft-hearted, sentimental kind of person, may even feel himself the better, somehow, for having seen this humble servant of the poor and afflicted doing his duty almost as well as if he had ever heard of the Church Catechism, until one day, perhaps, as he approaches the place, after a short absence, he discovers that his shaggy, honest-faced acquaintance is not at his usual post; and stopping casually, to hear the explanation, learns that the junior and more energetic member of the firm has become a sleeping-partner.

### COLD WATER CURE AT BERLIN.

FOLLOWING UP Prince BISMARCK'S idea that his recent attitude to France may be regarded as a sort of cold *douche*, the severity of which can be increased if necessary, the subjoined may be regarded as an accurate tariff of his possible prospective treatment of his patient, with its cold water equivalents:—

Giving them a bit more of his mind.	Half a turn more of the tap.
Demanding the prompt evacuation	Souse with a pailful
of the Eastern frontier.	
Total suppression of General BOULANGER at 24 hours' notice.	Cold shower-bath.
Demand for instant disarmament.	Plunge ditto.
Pulling the French Ambassador's nose in the Unter den Linden, with declaration of war.	General <i>douche</i> , full force.

MANLY RESOLUTION.—From Douglas, Isle of Man, is reported the rejection by a public meeting of a scheme to increase the number of Members of the House of Keys. Well determined. The House of Commons ought to be a caution to the House of Keys. Too many Members would probably often bring the House of Keys likewise to a dead lock.



## PENALTIES OF HIGH SOCIAL STATUS.

HER LADYSHIP IS CONFINED TO THE HOUSE BY A COLD, AND POOR SMUT HAS TO TAKE HIS DAILY CARRIAGE EXERCISE IN SOLITARY GRANDEUR. IF IT WERE NOT FOR THE HONOUR AND GLORY (HE THINKS) HE WOULD SOONER BE ON FOOT.

## THE VICTIM.

*A long way after Lord Tennyson.*

"It is only a sacrifice of a Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the altar of thrift and economy, which can raise the people to take stock of their leaders, their position, and their future."—LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

HARD times upon the people fell,  
Taxes were high and prices low.  
Between two fires a Chancellor tires,  
For SMITH says, ay, when he says no.  
"By vows I'm tied," the Chancellor cried,  
"Pledged to the lips waste to withstand."  
Then SMITH in horror shook his head,  
And HAMILTON lifted a pleading hand:

"Help us from splitting,  
A plague on strife!  
What would you have of us?  
War to the knife?  
You are our nearest,  
You are our dearest,  
(Answer, Oh, answer)  
Would'st shorten our life?"

But still his Budget the Services crammed,  
Still the Departments begged and sued,  
And bayonets bent, and cartridges jammed,  
And costly war-ships proved no good.  
And the Chancellor gay, was heard to say,  
"This sort of thing is a thundering shame!  
I must immolate self for the People's pelf.  
It's the only way to stop this game.

"Twill make CECIL unhappy,  
Raise shindy and strife;  
But I'll lay on Thrift's altar,  
A Chancellor's life!"

The rites prepared, the victim bared,  
He sharpened the knife for the fatal blow;

To the altar-stone he sprang alone,  
And—well, the sequel the future must show.  
Retrenchment will furnish a popular "cry,"  
Which is bound to "fetch" the world and  
its wife;  
Self-sacrifice shines in the People's eye,  
And a Chancellor-Victim may come back  
His Party's not happy; [to life.  
"O RANDOLPH, RANDOLPH,  
Why raise such strife?"  
Says he, "What is nearest  
To me, and dearest,  
Is Thrift—and I give it  
A Chancellor's life!"

OVERSIGHT IN THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.—It was not discovered till too late on Thursday last that throughout the Queen's Speech no mention or allusion had been made to "Mrs. KENDAL with Mr. KENDAL" having been royally commanded to play at Osborne in THEYRE SMITH'S—(a compliment to Rt. Hon. W. H. SMITH)—comedietta, *Uncle's Will*. However, in spite of this injudicious omission, Bank Rate remained unaltered, and, by diplomatic intervention all round, all chance of panic in the City was averted. Subsequently, on Tuesday, probate of *Uncle's Will* (in which "Mrs. KENDAL with Mr. KENDAL" has the largest interest) was taken at Osborne, where *Uncle's Will* was proved—to be a success. This is the first occasion, since the time of the Prince Consort, of a performance "by command" at Her Majesty's Osborne; but the first theatrical performance the QUEEN witnessed was a few years ago when Her MAJESTY went to the Prince of Wales's (Scotland) to see Mr. BRUCE with his company in *The Colonel*.

## A PINT IN PORT.

[One of the pint pots lately used at the defunct "Cock" Tavern has been sent to the Laureate as a memento of the old Hostelry he has immortalised.]

"ONE fix'd for ever at the door"—  
Nay, Time all links doth sever,  
Nor e'en the Cock "WILL" sang of yore  
Could keep his perch "for ever."  
If, like the Phoenix, Fleet Street's bird  
Anon were resurrected,  
Why then—but there, the thing's absurd,  
And not to be expected!

Yet may it have a life as long  
As the strange fowl of fable;  
A fame enshrined in deathless song  
Is something sound and stable.  
This Cock, though driven from its post  
Above the Tavern's portal,  
Shrined in the Laureate's lines may boast  
A destiny immortal!

No more "libations to the Muse,"  
The plump-cropp'd fowl may witness;  
But die 'twill not, and who'll refuse  
To see poetic fitness  
In mellow-voiced "WILL WATERPROOF,"  
Taking, as to a haven,  
Beneath his lordly later roof,  
That "pint-pot neatly graven?"

Who says "Young King COAL" is not consistent? Why, it seems from Lord RANDOLPH'S Apologia that his hostility to the Coal Duties extends to the *Coaling Duties*—which latter most Englishmen consider to consist in provisions for the proper defence of our Coaling Stations.





### THE "CATCH-PENNY."

POLICEMAN. "NOW THEN, YOU MISCHIEVOUS YOUNG RASCAL,—STOP THAT!"





## ONLY A ROOSE.

THERE'S a nice cheerful paper by Dr. ROOSE in the *Fortnightly* for February, all about Infection and Disinfection, and what Mrs. RAM would call "contiguous diseases." He says that the word Disinfection was not known in literature till the end of the last century. If they hadn't the word, they had the thing. "All the infections," are what *Caliban* wants to pour out on *Prospero's* devoted head. And hadn't *Prospero* disinfectants? Of course, or where was the use of his art, or of SHAKESPEARE'S invention?

But the Doctor has got a "bacterium" in pickle for the healthiest of us. To think that we have minute organisms—which means germs and nasty little creatures, telescopic-rod-shaped, in our mouths—alive all alive!—but—ugh—it won't bear thinking of. To whatever nationality we may belong, the doctrine *à la Roose* describes us as simply Germ'uns. Please, Doctor, as you've given us physie in this number, give us the sugar-plum to take after it as soon as possible. And don't go on being a nasty Germ, but return to your old practical form about the *Wear and Tear*. That's the style preferred by Mr. Punch and everybody else. Try back-terium.



Professor Hump-backterium.

## INTERVIEWING À LA MODE.

A CHAT WITH THE PRIME MINISTER.

FEELING that at the opening of the Session, some direct hints from the Marquis of SALISBURY would be appreciated by our readers, we sent the other day one of our Representatives to Downing Street, and have much pleasure in publishing his report:—

On reaching the official residence of the Premier and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, I was immediately admitted and ushered into the working-room of the noble Lord. In the centre of the apartment was a pile of papers five feet high, from which the Marquis laughingly emerged.

"You are busy?" I queried, noticing that Lord SALISBURY had a pen stuck behind each of his ears, and carried one in his mouth and another in his hand.

"Not at all," he replied shaking me heartily by the hand and moving a luxurious arm-chair towards me. "I was only knocking off a little thing in Egypt, settling some bother about the Afghan frontier, and reading a despatch that had been just received from BISMARCK."

"I am afraid I disturbed you?"

"Oh, no. I am heartily pleased to see you—all the matters I have mentioned can wait—it is not often that one has a visit from you."

"I propose to make my visits more numerous."

"I hope you will," cried the Marquis, with the utmost cordiality, and he again shook hands with me. "But, pardon me one moment, —what is it, MANNERS?"

"The Ambassadors of France, Russia, Italy, Germany, Austria, Hungary, and Turkey, are below, awaiting interviews, my Lord."

"Oh, I can't be bothered with them," exclaimed Lord SALISBURY, smiling. "Tell them I am busy. Ask them to call another day."

The Private Secretary bowed, and left the room.

"And now, my dear fellow, what can I do for you? But first let me give you a really good glass of port and a cigar. Although I say it who ought not, you don't get wine like this every day. It was given to me by poor old MUSURUS PASHA, who, although he represented the Porte in this country, was not a port-drinker."

And the Marquis filled two glasses from a black bottle covered with cobwebs. We touched goblets, nodded, and drank.

"I hope you have brought a large note-book, as I am anxious to give you the fullest particulars. You see I assume that you have called upon me for information. Well, what do you want to know?"

"Well, can you tell me, Marquis, the true story of the negotiations which culminated in the loss of poor Lord IDDESLEIGH?"

"Oh, certainly. Well, it came about like this. I will dictate to you—stop me if I speak too rapidly for you to follow me." And then the PREMIER told the whole story without reservation.

When he had finished, luncheon was served, and we spent the next quarter-of-an-hour in discussing a most *recherché* meal. When the tray had been removed, the noble Lord rang the bell for a messenger. Call in a couple of porters, and take those papers, with my compliments, to the Under-Secretary, and ask him to settle them for me. I leave them entirely to his discretion. Tell him I would see to them myself, only I am very busy to-day."

"Oh, no!" I politely interposed.

"He will do them just as well as I would," said the noble Lord, as the messenger and porters disappeared with the heap of papers. "As Mr. Eccles used to say in ROBERTSON'S *Caste*, 'I like to see the young 'uns work—it does them good, and does me good.' And now have another cigar while you drink your coffee. Which do you take as a *chasse*, Cognac or Kummel?"

"Can you tell me anything about our position with the Foreign Powers?"

"Why, certainly! Here, take this note-book—yours, I see, is full—and I will tell you all about it."

Again my noble friend unbosomed himself, laughing heartily when I occasionally uttered an exclamation of surprise on discovering a State secret. We were still busy, when five-o'clock tea was brought in.

"I really must go," I said at last, "as I have another appointment. I have to attend on the first night of a new piece at the Elephant and Castle Theatre."

"Let me tell you one more story about BISMARCK—he was so awfully clever in that colonial matter, which you will remember, caused some excitement a little while ago?"

"Certainly—but this really must be the last."

"Well, you must know—" and the Marquis told me one of the most interesting histories I have ever heard.

On taking my leave I thanked my host for his great kindness.

"Not at all," he replied, "I am always delighted to see you, and hope you will look in upon me often."

I said I would, and moved towards the door.

"Oh, by the way," the Marquis added, as an after-thought. "Perhaps it would be as well not to put into type what I have told you until I have spoken to my colleagues—not that they will mind. It is only the etiquette of the thing, don't you see?"

"Oh, certainly—the publication of the information is not of the slightest consequence. Our readers don't care a pin for that sort of thing, but they would like to know that you wear a seal-skin waistcoat. May I mention it?"

"Certainly—and you shall have permission to do what you like with what I've told you. I'll mention the matter at the next Cabinet. Only wait." \* \* \* I am waiting.

## RE-ASSURING; OR, QUITE PACIFIC.

ST. PETERSBURG.—Though it is now admitted here, in official circles, that within the last few days 70,000 men have actually been massed on the Polish frontiers, it is explained that the incident has occurred entirely owing to the misunderstanding of an order issued by the War Department. As, however, it is assumed that no possible importance can, under the circumstances, be attached by the European Cabinets to the presence of the force in the locality indicated, it is not proposed to withdraw it at present.

VIENNA.—The rumour that all the wool in the market had been bought up by the Government for the manufacture of uniforms, and that an order had been given for the immediate purchase of one million pairs of military boots, is now denied. It is said to have had its origin in the fact that a well-known Viennese firm has been securing large quantities of the commodity with a view to the production of red flannel petticoats, that are said to be likely to be much the fashion during the course of the ensuing season. The *canard* as to the military boots is referable to the receipt of an unusually heavy order for dancing-pumps from a shoemaking firm at Buda-Pesth.

BERLIN.—The purchase, by the military authorities, of all the available tinned meats in the country is, says the *National Zeitung*, easily accounted for. The relish expressed by the aged EMPEROR for this dainty delicacy is well known, and it has been to ensure a supply of it for the Imperial table during the coming summer months, that the authorities have taken the precaution in question. The order relative to the export of horses, is now said to have been limited to that of "circus horses" only, and may, therefore, be regarded as void of all significance.

PARIS.—The rumour that 72,000 shells have already been filled with General BOULANGER'S new explosive compound is not denied, but it is pointed out that they are prepared solely with a view to the firing of a *feu de joie* on the occasion of the forthcoming Republican *fête* to be held in July next. The story of the planks required for the huts on the Eastern frontier, is also explained. It appears that, on the contrary, they are to be employed in the construction of bathing-machines on the Western Coasts, and that several dozens of them have already been shipped to Dieppe.



### "TEMPERATURE."

Mrs. Purket (*nde Gamp*). "PLEASE, SIR, I WANT ONE O' THEM THUM—UM—THINGS, YER KNOW, SIR, AS REGGVLATES THE 'EAT OF A ROOM.'"

Chemist. "THERMOMETER, YOU MEAN, MA'AM, I SUPPOSE?"

Mrs. P. (*eagerly*). "YES, SIR, THAT'S IT, SIR. AND IF YOU'LL BE S' KIND, SIR, TO SET IT TO 'SIXTY-FIVE,' 'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS I'M TO KEEP THE ROOM AT!!"

### "LITTERÆ HUMANIORES."

(To a Friend.)

DEAR OLD CHAPPIN,

I'VE been writing such a heap of Latin lately, that I can't send you much of a letter. Here I am back at Eton again, and awfully sorry the holidays are over. I suppose you are the same. My Governor has gone half cracked over what he calls "keeping up the Classics," and has made me promise to send him a *real Latin letter* once a month, with some well-known piece of English poetry turned into Latin verses!!! It's a jolly shame, isn't it? Only I am to have five bob a-piece when I do it well. Also I've got a *Gradus*, and a *Dickjohn* now, which I hadn't before at home, when the Pater first took the idea into his head. Also—you won't sneak about it, will you?—I've got a *Book of Latin Proverbs*, most of 'em in verse, and when I run dry, I shove one in, and they sound splendid, and I don't think the Governor will twig, do you? and in case you have to do the same thing, I send you a copy of my last Latin letter and verses, and now good-bye, and I remain, believe me,

Your sincere young friend,

TOMMY.

[Tommy's friend did sneak, or how did the verses come into our hands? TOMMY's delight at being able to refer once more to the *Gradus* reminds us of THEODORE HOOK's "Ah me! quam durum est sine *Gradu* scribere versus!"—ED.]

MEUS CARUS PATER, *Etonæ, Januarius.*

JAM iterum hic sumus! Ut ego promisi tibi scribere epistolam Latinam, unam per mensam, ego nunc sedeo parvæ plumæ scribere tibi ut promisi. Semper ego auditor tantum, nunquamne reponam? Hæc schola est multum eadem quam erat antea, et consequenter non est multum dicere. Unus vel duo pueri reliquerunt. JONSONIUS, iste bullius, reliquit, letus sum dicere. Meus magister dixit meum taskum holidierum non fuit perfectum, quod depono ad habentem scribere versiculos pro te, carus Pater. Lætavi multum vacationem meam. specialiter enus ad "Quadraginta Fures" ad Drurilanum; quoque enus ad "Aliciam in Terrâ-Mirabile-Dictu." Sum, in facto, laudator temporis acti, ut CICERO dicit. Estne nunc frigidum in Londone? Haud aliter (ut unus dicit Latinè) hic est.

Puto, carus Pater, te amaturum hanc epistolam. Cepi magnos angores circa id. Si tu monstrabis id ad aliquem scholarem, ille erit delectatus videre quam classicè scribo et Ciceronianè. Poema sequitur quod tu desirabas. Est de LONGOPELLO, qui est Poeta Laureatus, cogito. Est appellatum "Naufragium Hesperii."

"Hesperus" est navis, tumidis agitata procellis;

Navigat oceanum qua regit horrida hiems. Cepit Saltator parvam prolem femininam, Ut foret illa ei plurima turba virum.

Coeruleos habuit oculos, ut textile linum;

Labitur ex oculis nunc quoque gutta meis!

Ibam forte Viâ Sacrà, sicut meus est mos.

Cantabit vacuus. Delia, curre pede!

Ut est mane novum buccæ fuere puellæ,

Atque sinus pulchræ virginis albus erat.

In roseo Saltatoris fumarius ore,

(O fortunatus!) aspicio, tubus erat!

Habui molere ad id horribiliter, Carus Pater. Tu dixisti ut esset bonum subjectum

pro versibus Sapphicis Mr. GLADSTONIUM

scribentem de Olympicâ religione, et Mr.

GOSCHENUM dicentem otium esse quod ipse

(et totum rus) desirat. Feci id quoque.

Exegi monumentum ære perennius.

Impiger noster GULIKLMUS EWART

Arbores non vult hatchetare plures;

Nec potest lauris super ejus restans

Keepere quiet.

Otium GOSCHEN rogat et, per Jingum,

Id pro Ministro petere est serenum!

Otium temnit Hilaris-Lapis, vel

Anglicè GLADSTONE.

Ille desirat iterum tenere

In manu plumam, papyrumque necnon,

Et veteranus veteres Olympi

Tacklere Divos.

Quid sumus de hoc cogitare starto?

Isne St. Stephen's nunc abandonavit?

Labbio "Domus-Dominationem"

Isne reliquit?

Nunc vale; dixisti ut mitteres mihi

decem shillings (nullum verbum pro hoc in

Latino) pro epistolâ et versibus. Bis dat,

carus Pater, qui cito dat. Cakus quoque et

cetera est finitus; si tu mittis hamporum

alium, ero multum obligatus. Rusticus

expectans. Taus filius affectionatus,

TOMMIUS.

THE SPEAKER'S NEW NURSERY RHYME.

"SHAME! Shame!"

Who cries "shame"

Anyone the SPEAKER will "Name."

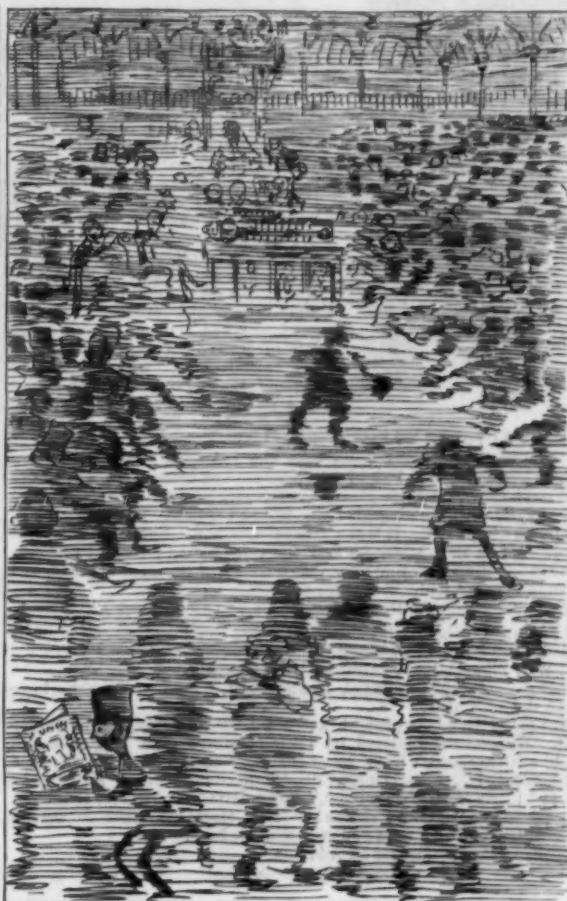


## INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 46.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JANUARY 27TH, 1887.

Lord Randolph Churchill. Design for Fresco. The Great Scene—  
Churchill's Explanation.



THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, JANUARY 27TH, 1887.

All Our Special Artist saw of Lord Randolph Churchill's Explanation  
in a fog.

## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

## THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

THURSDAY, January 27.—Thought I'd make my way down early to the House this morning. Well to get a good seat on Opening Day; these new Members are so eager; necessary to be up early in order to circumvent them. Eleven o'clock hadn't struck when I crossed Palace Yard, but evidently wasn't first. Familiar figure disappearing under gateway leading to entrance to House of Commons. It was RANDOLPH, who, hearing the patter of feet, waited for me with his usual urbanity.

"Ah, Toby, old man," he said, "going to get a seat, I suppose? So am I. Might have corner seat behind Treasury Bench, but that too common place for me. Everyone goes there after leaving a Ministry. I mean to get old corner seat below the Gangway, sacred to the memory of GORST and WOLFFY. Fancy I'll make W. H. squirm when he comes, and finds me sitting there. Nuisance to have to be down so early, but well to be on safe side."

Entered House together. RANDOLPH made straight for corner seat below Gangway. "Hallo!" he cried, halting midway, and pointing, with startled expression, towards corner seat. "What's that?"

No mistake on this point. It was a hat. RANDOLPH advanced cautiously, but firmly, and taking up the intrusive object, anxiously examined the lining.

"H. C.," he read out. "Can't be CHILDERS. Of course not. COBB? He daren't do it. CHAPLIN, by Jove!"

Our Chief! Couldn't help glow of pride suffusing this mortal frame when I discovered this proof of our Chief's presence of mind,

and fertility of resource. That trip to Monaco evidently brightened him.

"I wonder, now," said RANDOLPH, reflectively, "if I were to sit on it, and have it removed by one of the attendants, how that would work. But then CHAPLIN would come, find me here, and guess at once. No, I must leave it, and go into old quarters."

Strode up the Gangway to corner seat, in which Ex-Ministers sit, and take benevolent interest in procedure of old colleagues. Expected to see him deposit his hat. Instead, took off his gloves, and, with haughty gesture, flung them on the Bench. Then he wrote on a card these lines,—

"Who dares this pair of gloves displace  
Must meet R. CHURCHILL face to face."

Pinned the cartel to the gauntlet, and, turning, left the House.

Pleasant, after this stormy scene, to come upon JOSEPH GILLIS. Hardly knew him at first. Has been growing beard and moustache. Not much yet, but full of hope.

"I'm agin repression anywhere," said JOSEPH GILLIS. "Why should an Irishman every morning, razor in hand, put in practice a Coercion Act, levelling and evicting the honest attempt of whiskers to establish themselves, and refusing to put in a moustache as caretaker? I'm a man of principle, and carry it into practice into things big or little. Besides, I don't see why RANDOLPH should have the only moustache talked of in the House; and, since MACFARLANE left, there hasn't been a beard on any Bench worth looking at. I mean to grow one."

House crowded later to hear RANDOLPH's speech. Cunningly conceived, and admirably delivered. Like most speeches from this particular corner seat, vociferously cheered by Opposition. Con-

tinuing narrative of events that led to his resignation, RANDOLPH fell into trick of saying,—

"I am sure my Right Hon. Friend, and my Noble Friend, will bear me out when I say—"

All very well once. But repetition of invitation grew maddening.



"I'm agin repression anywhere."

"I'm sure," said the voice near the red rose, "my Right Hon. Friend and my Noble Friend will bear me out when I say—"

Would they? SMITH glanced nervously at Lord GEORGE; Lord GEORGE, finally throwing his knee, began nervously to tear a copy of the Orders to pieces. It was a critical moment. But hesitation was fatal. A few more sentences and the voice ceased; the red rose was observed to drop a foot or two. RANDOLPH had resumed his seat, and opportunity had fled.

*Business done.*—Address moved.

*Friday.*—Colonel SAUNDERSON delivered lively address, on what he called "the crises in Ireland."

"Why?" asked new Member, "does he call it crises?"

"Because," said CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, "he naturally wants to make the most of it."

Not many Members present, and after SAUNDERSON, things rather dull. HICKS-BEACH stirred up Irish Members with long pole and led to a little scene. Irish Members after their recent habit called out "Shame!" SPEAKER said word unparliamentary. Will "take notice" ("As if he were a baby," JOHN DILLON whispers) if the cry is repeated. "Shame! shame!" Irish Members murmur among themselves, but take care SPEAKER doesn't hear.

*Business done.*—Debate on Address.

## "THE REVENGE."

*A Ballad of the Ordnance.*

I'LL tell you the story, my Masters, for I was one of the crew,  
Who mann'd the *Revenge* in the Boosian war of eighteen-ninety—  
I'm one of the seven heroes—you can put it so if you like, [two,  
Who lived to tell of the famous fight, when we sunk her rather than  
strike.

The last of the seven survivors. And eighteen years ago,  
A score and more sat down to dine in public all of a row,  
But the annual banquet thinn'd us, and the Music Halls tell at last,  
And the Charity Organisers make history very fast.

Our ship was built by an English firm for a foreign naval pow'r,  
But they sold the ship and the foreigner too, in Britain's trial hour;  
So we knew that the craft was smart and staunch, as money and skill  
could make her,  
And if it hadn't been for her guns, no vessel afloat could take her.

But they used to serve self-acting guns to the Navy of that day,  
That drove the breech-piece through the side, or blew the muzzle  
away: [necks,  
And the crews jumped overboard, and waited in water up to their  
Till the iron shards had settled themselves a little about the decks.

'Twas all very well in peace-time, and the drill was pleasant enough,  
For the order was, No firing, when the weather is cold or rough,  
But it didn't answer in action when the enemy's fire was hot,  
For we stood to our guns and cheered like mad, but never returned a  
shot.

But ours was the fastest ship afloat, and armed with a terrible beak,  
So most of the cruise in '92 was a game of hide-and-seek,  
For we sank the powerfulest ironclads with our ram at a single blow,  
And many a mast-head flag I snatched as the vessel was sucked  
below.

One brilliant summer morning a squadron hove in sight;  
Lor', how we cheered, for all our chaps were spoiling for a fight,  
And down, full-speed, upon the fleet our gallant vessel bore  
With a mighty rift in the sea behind, and a pillar of foam before.

And snowy fleeces slowly round the Russian war-ships grew,  
And vivid flashes lit the way as monster bolts tore through;  
But she ducked and dodged like a playful dog as higher the smoke  
arose,  
And quivered and shook with the joy of battle, hurling upon her  
foes.

And the deadly space grew shorter, till plain the foe we saw,  
And the triumph in their faces changed suddenly to awe:  
"Hi! Hi! You've crossed a dozen mines!" the Russian Captain  
cried,  
"You're out of action, you lubbers!" And we crashed through his  
iron side.

Ship after ship with foaming jaws the thirsty ocean drank  
As fast before our deadly prow they shuddered and reeled and sank;  
But still with floating pall of smoke fresh war-ships round us drew,  
And still, as fast as one was sunk, we had to tackle two.

Our vessel, reeled and staggered, too; in swatches her heroes fell,  
As round and through and over us came tons of shot and shell;  
And her plates like sheets were flapping, and cheerily above the din  
Whenever they gave a loud rat-tat, our Captain cried, "Come in!"

The still sea-floor was strewn with wrecks and guns and gallant dead,  
Whose stony eyes stared up to mock the tumult overhead;  
And fiercer still the fight went on, till, when the sun was low,  
Our shatter'd ship could neither stand nor deal another blow.

And then the Captain called us round; the fight grew slack, it  
seem'd,  
As through the rolling mounds of smoke the muffled sunset beam'd;  
And when the lees of that strong crew were gathered round to hear,  
You could not see how few we were: you heard it in our cheer.

"My lads," he said, "you've fought this day as Englishmen should  
fight,  
We've kept all day a fleet at bay—we won't give in at night.  
The water through our riven sides is pouring in by tons—  
We cannot win—we will not strike—now, lads, to fire the guns!"

Unwitting of that stern resolve the Russians closer drew,  
While still in triumph at the peak the British ensign flew;  
But vultures wheel, and sea-birds scream, when through the vessel  
runs  
That last stern whisper of the brave—"We're going to fire the  
guns!"

And still in fearful whispers the Russian sailor tells  
How the air grew dark with muzzles, and jackets, and coils, and  
shells,  
And part of a forty-three-ton gun hit the Admiral on the head,  
And he cried, "It is grand—but it is not war"—and his gallant  
spirit fled.

And so the *Revenge*, unconquered, went down by the Baltic shores,  
And they punished the seven survivors for wasting the Ordnance  
stores;  
And they've issued a gun that a child could fire, and none of it  
blows away;  
The others were good enough for us—the Navy has had its day!

## Procedure and Progress.

PROCEDURE comes first! Well no doubt they know best.  
But what if the first item swallow the rest?  
And of paradox surely it seems an exposure,  
To say that the Session must open with *Closure*!

COAL AND WINE DUTIES THAT NO ONE CAN OBJECT TO.—Lady  
BOUNTIFUL's distribution of fuel and "invalid port" amongst the  
destitute sick this severe winter.

## The Per-verse Poet.

HAVE YOU *Parleyings* read by BOB BROWNING?  
Of which the absurdity crowning  
Is the Fates' "Tra la la."  
Their "Bah! Ha! ha! ha!"  
Which sounds, we should say, much like clowning.

A DISCLAIMER.—The *Daily News* begs to disclaim any connection  
with the *War Cry*. Quite another booth in the fair.



# WHAT QUALITY IS MOST NEEDED IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT PRIME MINISTER OR AN ILLUSTRIOUS STATESMAN?



ELOQUENCE? NO!!! KNOWLEDGE? NO!!! TOIL? NO!!!  
In answer to the question, Mr. PITT replied: "It is PATIENCE,"—a quality in which he was superb.

## WHAT GREATER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

**IMPORTANCE OF EXCRETION.**—The condition of the organism which favours "taking cold" is not one of perfect health. The circulation at the time is feeble, and the blood itself not in a perfectly healthy state. Instead of passing quickly through the cutaneous capillaries, the circulation is retarded in the surface vessels, partly on account, as above suggested, of feeble heart's action, but mainly, I think, owing to the muscular fibres of the smallest arteries being relaxed, and the consequent dilatation of the tube of the vessel. The blood, very slowly traversing the cutaneous capillaries, being far too long a time exposed to the cooling influences, perhaps, of a draught of cold air, becomes the seat of chemical changes which differ from those ordinarily taking place in the blood constituents. The particular chemical compounds formed under these circumstances are not readily excreted. Remaining in the blood, they accumulate, and minute bioplasts grow and multiply. At length an influence upon the nerves is exerted, and then ensue the chilliness and other symptoms due to derangement of the action of many tissues and organs of the body which mark the invasion of the illness. After a time the materials in question begin to be eliminated, and the patient gets well. If we promote the action of the excreting organs, we follow the suggestions of Nature.—Dr. BRAD, F.R.S., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine in King's College, London.

The above proves that you can only catch cold when the blood is impure; also in proportion as the noxious substances (poisons) are removed by the organs of excretion, the recovery of the patient is assisted and cured, or, in other words, you assist the only natural way by following Nature's teachings; by removing the various deleterious matters which have accumulated in the blood; also it proves you cannot take cold or fever when the blood is pure, because colds and fevers are nothing more or less than an exodus of organic poison in the blood. How important it is, therefore, to everyone to have at hand some effective and simple remedy, such as ENO'S FRUIT SALT, to check the disease at the onset; for this is the time. With very little trouble you change the course of the trickling mountain stream, but not the rolling river. It may defy all your efforts. I cannot sufficiently impress upon my readers the great importance of this matter. When a change is contemplated that is calculated to disturb the existing condition of health, let ENO'S FRUIT SALT be your companion under any circumstances; its use is beneficial, and never does harm. When a feverish (cold, etc., etc.) symptom occurs, the spark has been kindled, but you know not where it may end; and on this

account it is a real necessity to have a simple remedy at hand that will always answer the very best end, with a positive assurance of doing good in every case, and in no case harm. Most persons never think of using any remedy until the feverish cold has got a firm hold, and then it is, of course, imperatively necessary to procure the best medical advice, but all that can then be done is to guide! The pilot can only so steer and direct as to bring the ship in safety, but he cannot quell the raging storm. I used ENO'S FRUIT SALT freely in my last severe attack of Fever. I have every reason to say it saved my life.—J. C. ENO.

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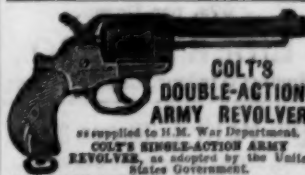
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